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Gen. Beauregard
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Gen. Beauregard.

When war clouds gathered about our land,
And out of the North came a hostile band,
Threatening the South with her deadly wrath,
He stood like a fire brand in their path;
And the Northmen found the fight went hard.
When they met our gallant Beauregard.

When the battle raged fierce and high,
And the rattling shots like hailstones fly,
When the booming cannons roar and swell,
And the air is filled with bursting shell,
He's foremost there on the blood-drenched sward,
And the cry is "On with Beauregard."

Like magic spark of Promethean fire,
His very name the soul doth inspire;
And a thousand voices loud and strong,
Shout as he rideth the ranks along,
Waving the banner starred and barr'd,
"To glory or death with Beauregard!"

Well may the enemy quake with fear,
Whene'er that terrible name they hear,
'Mid the dash of waves and the cannons roar.
They heard it on Carolina's shore,
When Sumter blackened, smoked and scarred,
Fell to our valiant Beauregard.

That fearful day on Manassas plains,
'Twas thundered forth in their ears again,
When madly over heaps of dead,
The panic stricken hirelings fled,
Cursing the hour that e'er they war'd
With the lion-hearted Beauregard.

On the crimson field of Shiloh, too,
When the shells like shrieking demons flew,
When the lurid smoke obscured the air,
And havoc and death were everywhere,
We drove them back from the blood stained sward,
The cry was still for Beauregard.

There is a page in the book of fame—
On it is written a single name,
In letters of gold, on spotless white,
Encircled with stars of quenchless light;
Never a blot that page hath marred,
And the star wreathed name is Beauregard.

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